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**The Mystery of Rutledge Hall**  
—OR—  
**"The Cloud With a Silver Lining"**

CHAPTER III.

What had she done? What had she done? Was it possible that only a few hours before she had given a promise which would influence all her future life? It seemed like a strange incomprehensible dream that in her first desolation and weakness she had yielded at a word of entreaty, and had said to herself that since love was not for her, she would take the friendship offered as a substitute, and build up another edifice on the ruined castle which had crumbled so soon. She felt dazed and bewildered and wretched; but through all her bewilderment she did not lose sight of one thought—at least Stephen would not guess, would not even suspect that.

"Are you not putting in too much tea, little girl?" Stephen's laughing voice said suddenly. "I am afraid to state the number of spoonfuls you have put in."

"Have I?" she questioned, with a little forced laugh. "I did not notice. Never mind; we all like our tea strong. By the bye"—suddenly glancing across at him with shining feverish brown eyes—"I had forgotten to ask you how is Miss Nell?"

"She is better this afternoon, thank you," he answered, rather absently.

"I am very glad. I was surprised to hear of her illness. Dr. Elliot was telling me that she was frightened at—something."

"Yes, I think that caused it," Stephen said, rather gravely. "She had been greatly terrified, for she fainted away when we spoke to her, and seems quite afraid to be alone."

"I have not heard of—of any sus-

spicious characters—having been seen about," Sidney said, rather hesitatingly, her brown eyes intent upon the tea-pot, for she dared not look up and meet the grave questioning look of the gray eyes which were watching her so anxiously, wondering why she was so changed, this girl who had been so sweet and frank and true.

"Nor I," he answered, smiling a little. "But I am afraid it was not a suspicious character who frightened her."

"Was it a dog then, do you suppose?" the girl asked, able to speak more calmly now, although she dreaded his next words with a terrible fear.

"No," he answered gravely; and something in his voice forced her to raise her eyes.

His were grave, tender, compassionate—yes, there was surely compassion in his gaze! He pitied her—he guessed then! Ah, she would show him that he was mistaken, that she needed no pity!

"Then what could it have been?" she said, with a little laugh. "A ghost, perhaps—the ghost of one of her rejected lovers, who is furious at her engagement?"

"That is a more likely conjecture," Stephen Daunt said, gravely, crossing the room and standing by the mantelpiece. "You heard, then, of her engagement, Sidney?"

"Oh, yes!" Sidney answered, gayly. "Dr. Elliot told me this morning, and I was going to congratulate—" She broke off suddenly, and turned to the door. "Ah, there is Dolly!" she added, running forward to meet her with two little eager hands outstretched.

"Just in time, dear, for tea and congratulations!"

"Tea first, then, please," Dolly said, laughing, "and congratulations after, although I don't see why you should congratulate me. Stephen, I hope you are not tired of waiting," she added, with an arch glance at him, which he met with a half-sorrowful smile.

"I have not been here long," he answered. "It is not much past five, Dolly."

"I hoped to be here sooner, but I had to go to so many places before I could match my silk. Sidney, how are you? I have not seen you for days. Why have you not been to see me?"

She had thrown aside her hat and gloves, and glancing from one to the other with a questioning look in her bright eyes. Something was wrong, she saw. What was it?

To Sidney, although she had always loved Dolly Daunt dearly, the sight of her blue eyes and golden head "sunning over with curls" had never been so welcome as it was today. That tete-a-tete with Stephen had embarrassed her terribly; more than once she had feared that her

**FOR JOY OF GOOD HEALTH**

**Manitoba Woman Thanks Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**

Crandall, Manitoba—"When I was a young girl at home and working I had terrible pains, almost more than I could bear, and I was not regular. These troubles kept me so tired all the time that I had no strength and no ambition to join in with my friends and have a good time. I was just tired and miserable always and life just seemed as if it wasn't worth living. I saw so much in the papers about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and then I had a friend who had taken it and told me about it, so I got some. Every month after taking it I got stronger and I soon did not suffer every month. It stopped the pains and helped me in other ways. Then when my babies were coming I was tired and worn out the first three months and ached badly. I took the Vegetable Compound right along and must say it made a new woman of me and able to do my work, and it helped me through confinement. You see I am a farmer's wife with a big house to look after, and three babies now. I have told ever so many women about your medicine. Just last week I got a letter from my old chum in the East. Her baby was born fifteen days before mine, and she told me she was not feeling very well, her back aches so much, and that she is going to take the same medicine I took. You can use my letter if you wish."—Mrs. J. H. King, Box 2, Crandall, Manitoba.

calmness would give way, and that she would break down; but Dolly's welcome presence had removed all her embarrassment, and she could have hugged her warmly in her delight.

Dolly chattered gayly as Sidney poured out the tea. She had had one or two little adventures during her shopping, which she told curiously, and she had met Mr. Greville—Lawyer Greville, as he was generally called in Ashford.

"He told me Christie was coming home in a few days, Sidney," she said, laughing. "And, when I asked him what had become of le-bean Francois, he growled out something about neither knowing nor caring." Sidney's cheeks were not white now, as she bent her head over the cups and saucers. "He is such a grumpy old fellow," Dolly went on, sipping her tea. "Just fancy having such a father! I do not wonder that Christie and Frank are afraid of him. Sidney, did Stephen tell you about Sibyl's fright yesterday?"

"Dr. Elliot told me this morning," Sidney answered quietly.

"She has been quite ill and hysterical ever since, and that threemile fance of hers has been worrying me all day long," Dolly remarked, with a laughing glance at her brother. "Were you surprised to hear of the engagement, Sidney?"

"Not at all. I had been expecting it. Oh, how awkward!"

She had been handing Dolly her cup refilled, and in doing so had upset it over the pretty afternoon tea-cloth.

"What a pity!" Dolly said. "Will it wash, Sidney? Yes? Oh, then, it does not so much matter! So we are to have a wedding at Lambwood!" she went on merrily. "It will be quite an event. Of course, as Sibyl has no home of her own, it will take place from there."

"I supposed it would," Sidney said slowly; her lips seemed dry and stiff, and would not answer readily at her will. "When is it to be, Dolly?"

"Soon. The bridegroom-elect is impatient; is he not, Stephen? Mamma was so pleased," continued Dolly; "she predicted it from the first, you know, Sidney; she thinks Sibyl's beauty would excuse any infatuation, as indeed it would—don't you think so?"

Without waiting for an answer, Dolly fitted across the room to the piano, and began turning over some of the music.

"Any new songs, Sidney?" she asked. "Ah, here is 'Guinevere!' What a lovely thing it is!"

"Yes. Do you know it, Dolly?" asked Sidney, leaving the tea-table and following Dolly, passionately longing to be out of the reach of the grave gray eyes which were following her so inquiringly.

"Sibyl has it, and I learned it," Dolly answered.

"Will you sing it then, Dolly? There is one part I cannot quite make out." Dolly sat down at the piano, and ran her little fingers over the keys. "I can't sing it as Sibyl does, can I, Stephen?" she said, laughing, as she shot back a merry glance at her brother.

But Stephen made no answer; he was standing by the mantelpiece, leaning against it, his face pale and grave, even to sadness. Dolly's pretty voice, not very powerful, but very sweet, rose softly—

(To be continued.)

**Does a Mother Know Her Own Child**

A problem calling for the wisdom of Solomon recently baffled the judge of a London court.

Two women both claimed the baby, each declaring that she was its mother. Finally, the more tearful of the disputants pointed out that the child had a cord from the inner part of the upper lip to the gum that occurs only once in two thousand cases, and that she herself and two of her other children possessed the same peculiarity, whereupon the other mother showed that this formation cropped out again and again in her family!

Though a mother should know her own child, such strange dramas are not uncommon. There was one only a few months ago at Feldkirch, in the Tyrol. Two boys, both one year old, were placed in a children's home by their mothers, and one of them died. The survivor was claimed by both women, and the magistrate, after hearing the arguments, ordered that the boy should remain in the home for three years and then be brought to court, so that any likeness to one or the other woman may be noted by experts.

Equally remarkable was a case which came before a London stipendiary. Three mothers laid claim to a child which had been found on a doorstep. One was soon got rid of, as it was evident she wanted the child merely to obtain possession of the clothes with which it had been supplied; but the others, both of whom had undoubtedly had a child kidnapped, were not to be shewn off. So a magistrate was called upon to adjudicate between them. After a stern fight, he awarded the baby to the woman whom it most closely resembled.

In connection with another little castaway there was a strange imbroglio. Shortly after it was found its portrait was reproduced in several newspapers, and, as a result, a woman called at the workhouse into which it had been admitted, identified it and took it away. Only an hour later another distressed mother turned up at the institution in quest of the child, which, she said, had been kidnapped. She was given the name and address of the other woman, who, on being confronted by her, refused to part with it, declaring that she could recognize it as her own among ten thousand, if only by a certain birthmark.

**Kidnapped and Disappeared**  
Baffled, but by no means dismayed, the temporarily unsuccessful woman engaged a private detective, who eventually kidnapped the child with two mothers as it was being given an airing in one of the London parks, and the same day she and the much-wanted baby disappeared.

Very singular, too, were the results of a mix-up in an isolation hospital. When a woman went there for her

son, she was given a boy, who, she thought, was not her own. She remonstrated; but, on being told that diphtheria altered the appearance of children, she took him away, though very reluctantly. About a month afterwards, when she was in the street, she pointed to a child in a perambulator. "That's my child!" she screamed.

The women came to blows, and there was a battle royal between them over the ownership of the child. In the end, however, they agreed that a mistake had been made in the hospital, and exchanged children.

**Plan to Harness BAY OF FUNDY TIDES.**

Hydraulic engineers from New York said that a project sponsored by Dexter P. Cooper to generate 500,000 to 700,000 electric horse power by harnessing the tides of the Bay of Fundy in two inlets near Eastport, Maine, is feasible from an engineering standpoint and "the most promising development in the electrical world in a decade."

A State-wide referendum is to be taken in Maine on September 14 to decide whether, if the scheme is carried out, the sale of power outside the State shall be permitted.

Mr. Cooper estimates the cost of the project at about \$75,000,000 and he believes construction could be completed in five years. The flow of the tides would be regulated by a system of enormous gates.

**CONFEDERATION LIFE.**—aug17,3mos

**Playing for Safety**

Billy had received an invitation from the mayors of the town in which he lived, asking him to honour the annual children's garden party with his presence.

Naturally, he felt the importance of the occasion and was extremely proud of being present, so much so, that he puffed out his chest and grew unduly noisy, as if to make certain everyone knew he was there. Finally, the hostess decided to take him in hand, and said:

"Willie, unless you behave properly, I shall have to send you home."

Billy looked at her soberly for a second. His expression was that of a somnambulist who has been told of his sleep-walking. Then suddenly he brightened up with his boyish smile.

"No," he said confidently, "you can't send me home until five o'clock. My invitation reads 'From two till five.'"

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**Fish That Shoot**

The tolole, a fish that is well known to travellers in the Islands of Malaysia, is an expert marksman. It feeds upon insects. Swimming quietly along the rivers it watches all the plants on the bank, and when it finds one with many insects on its leaves or branches it steals up close, fills its gills with water, takes accurate aim and shoots the water with force at the insects. Its aim is absolutely accurate and the water jet never misses its object. It kills the insects and washes them into the water so that the tolole may devour them. The handroic, a large fish found on the Mediterranean shores of Africa, covers itself with mud, raises a small flag-like appendage of its lips and quietly awaits the inquisitiveness of smaller fish that mistake the flag for insects. When a number of these small fish assemble around the flag the handroic opens its large mouth and swallows them.




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**Water**

The tongue is the mirror of the body and when it is dry, it indicates a dry condition of the mucous membranes, the bowels, and the lungs. It is a sign of a dry condition of the body and should be treated with a good food and make you feel better.

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